

Nest, his Foot slipt, he cried out as before; he hung by his Hands, his Feet quiver'd in the Air; his Companions thought him in Jest; they laughed, he fell, and was so hurt, that he was forced ever after to go with Crutches,

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Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at Hand, and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lye is troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention upon the Rack, and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Tricks and Treachery are the Practice of Fools, that have not Sense enough to be honest.

Plain Truth must have plain Words; she is innocent, and accounts it no Shame to be seen naked: Whereas the Hypocrite and Double-dealer shelters and hides himself in Ambiguities and Reserves.

A Liar is a Hector towards God, and a Coward towards Men.

STORY

## STORY X.

AS Goodness and Learning make the Child a Man, so Piety makes him an Angel. Master Tommy Darves, not only loved Book, because it made him better too; he loved every Body, and could not bear to see a Stranger hurt without feeling what he suffered without pitying him, and wishing he could help him. He loved his Pappa and Mamma, his Brother and Sisters with a dearer Affection; he learnt his Duty to God, thank'd him for his Goodness, and was glad that he had not made him a Horse or a Cow, but had given him Sense enough to know his Duty, and every Day when he said his Prayers, he thanked God for making him a little Man. One Day he went to Church, he minded what the Parson said, when he came Home, asked his Pappa if he loved him? Yes, my pretty dear, replied Pappa. Oh! my dear Pappa, said he, I am very glad to hear it; what a charming Thing it is to have God my Friend! then nothing could hurt me; I am sure I will love him as well as ever I can. Thus he every Day grew wiser and better. Every Body was pleas'd with him, he had many Friends, the Poor bless'd